

AT THE OPEN BRIDGE

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON.

"I've made the mistake of my life!" announced Gerald Dyke.

"Love spat with Clio Barrett, I suppose?" intimated his close friend, Will Hampden.

"Quite the reverse," declared Dyke. "There's no more Clio Barrett for me. That dream is ended. It's her father who has come upon the scene as the indignant and immovable destroyer of my life's happiness."

Will Hampden looked interested and sympathetic.

"You see, I made a bad break in supporting our mutual friend, Dodd, for mayor. The progressive element felt that two terms for one man, even as good a man as Mr. Barrett, was enough. They put up Dodd. I electioneered for him, as you know. Will—one little speech."

"But Barrett carried the day."

"Yes, but by so small a majority that he feels piqued. Somehow he heard of my campaigning effort. That settled it. Just as Clio and I became engaged, he ordered me from the house—Clio in tears, myself in despair."

"What are you going to do about it?" interjected Hampden.

"It's what he'll do. He's an unforgiving, pig-headed man in his likes and dislikes. I'm blacklisted in his books and he'll carry Clio away, or hide her away, but he'll outwit me. She is practically under guard. I believe he has emissaries watching me. It's taken me a week to get a note to Clio and a reply."

"She's true blue?"

"Yes, but terribly despondent."

"Want my advice?" inquired Hampden deliberately.

"What is it?"

"Run away with her."

Dyke had thought of that. So had Clio. He thought of it more than ever as he started off on a lonely meditative stroll. It was not so easy, however, he realized. He was satisfied

that Mr. Barrett was keeping an eye on him. He knew that Clio was under the constant gaze of a trained chaperon. He had never yet passed the Barrett grounds but the gardener, or the steward, or the hostler was visible.

A bridge swung by steam power spanned the broad Vermilion river and the Barrett home was on the west side of the stream. From its center the Barrett home was in pretty clear view and Gerald had the doubtful consolation of posting himself there occasionally, to mournfully survey the spot where he had formerly been a welcome visitor.

On this special day he strolled to the bridge. His heart fluttered as he made out in the distance a white-robed form among the distant flower beds. He had just written a note to Clio. He took it out of his pocket wondering how he would get it to her. A hand touching his shoulder, he looked up with a start.

"Excuse me," said the bridegroom, for it was he, "but I want to thank you."

"Oh yes—you are Fenton. Got the job, did you?"

"Yes, sir, and your recommendation it was that did it."

Fenton, a rough and ready young fellow, had been sent by a friend to Gerald and he on account of his activity in the mayoralty campaign had been able to exert some influence with the county board. Now, it seemed, his recommendation had borne fruit.

"Glad you got placed," said Gerald heartily.

"Yes, sir," spoke the man humbly. "Will you excuse me if I say something?"

Gerald nodded agreeably.

"Well, sir, I've got eyes and I've

been hearing things. You know this bridge appointment is county business, so the mayor has nothing to do with it. I was again the mayor. He'd fire me if he could. He hates me and I don't like him. He's treated you mean and that makes less liking between us. That pretty girl of his is a jewel, though. Say, could I venture to guess," pursued the shrewd fellow, "that you want a letter taken to the little miss? Oh, sir, you can trust me."

Now that was just what Gerald wanted done. He engaged in a confidential talk with his new ally. He felt confidence in his protestation of fealty. He was surprised to find the man full of clever suggestions, and when he left the bridge an hour later he was sure that the letter would reach Clio safely, and found himself the center of a deep laid exciting plot.

"You see, the bridegroom had said, 'I run up to the Barrett place often. The steward is an old friend of mine. I'll see that little miss gets your letter. And, say, when you want to loiter around up there, drop into my watch house here and slip on some togs there that will disguise you like a high-class detective.'"

Thereafter for two evenings a slouching figure, suggesting some tramp wayfarer looking for free lunch and lodging, meandered by the Barrett home. On the first occasion Clio, in the garden, managed to slip a note over the fence. On the second she was near enough to the stroller to catch the words: "Be on hand," and her pretty lips whispered the agreeable response: "Every evening at this hour."

So it was that those two had a pretty thorough understanding of the situation, when, one evening just at dusk, Mr. Barrett drove up to the curb in his automobile. He was an active public officer and attentive to his duties, and was bound back for his office as soon as dinner was over.

Mr. Barrett attended all fires, courts and public meetings so as to keep in touch with everything affecting the civic interest. He had a regular alarm bell attached to his machine, its tones so familiar to the general public that the people cleared the way promptly when its signal tones echoed out.

What happened two minutes after Mr. Barrett had left the car, was that Gerald sprang into the vacant driver's seat from behind a tree. At the same moment Clio squeezed her way through the hedge. Just as she got into the rear seat of the machine her father appeared unexpectedly. He had left a package of papers in the auto and had returned to secure them.

Gerald with a leap sent the machine forward, disregarding the amazed and threatening shouts of the infuriated mayor. By the time the bridge was reached, Mr. Barrett had rushed to the stables, secured a horse and was in hot pursuit of the fugitives.

"Good!" shouted the bridegroom, as the machine whizzed past him and his keen wit took in fully the merits of the situation. Then he stared back the road and made out the chief official of the town in the near distance.

"This won't do," decided the bridegroom, and then—the instant the horse reached the end of the bridge the loyal friend of the lovers touched the lever and swung the bridge open.

The mayor raved, the mayor scented complicity. In vain he menaced the bridegroom, who feigned the necessity of an oiling process in connection with the swinging apparatus.

"Clang! clang! clang! not knowing all that had happened behind him, and taking no risks, fearing that a telephone warning might head them off right industriously Gerald plied the alarm bell on the auto. In five minutes there was a clear course, they were through the town and beyond it.

"Regular wedding bells!" he chortled gaily, as they shot down a smooth country road in the direction of the home of the nearest rural minister.

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If They Told The Truth.

"How homely your wife grows!"

"My dear, what do you suppose my score was this morning? One hundred and forty-nine for eighteen holes."

"I won't be home till late tonight, darling. I'm going to paint the town red with a couple of old college chums."

"Yes, sir, the hotel is pretty full, but I can give you what we consider the worst room in it for a little more than the same price you would pay for a good one if we weren't so crowded."

—Life.

Obsolete in Albion.

Another form of footgear has become well-nigh obsolete. Rubber galoshes, called in the United States simply rubbers, when first introduced were regarded as a most welcome addition to comfort, and for many years had a great vogue; but few people wear them now. The prominent part played by the Rev. Robert Spalding's galoshes in "The Private Secretary" helped to bring them into discredit. And where are those "elastic-side boots" beloved by the men and women of years ago.—London Daily Chronicle.

completely under water to eat at his leisure.

A common size for snappers is about fifteen inches, including head and tail, with a shell about nine inches long. They lay their eggs in a hole scooped out in the sand. Both the eggs and the flesh of this turtle are excellent food—so good that they often masquerade on restaurant menus as "terrapin."

Millions Spent for Twine.

Twine costs the post office department \$2,000,000 a year. Postmasters who save all the strings, tie them together, roll them up into neat balls and use them a second time are highly commended by the department. In these days strict economy is a high virtue on the part of all officials. Pick up the pins, wind up the strings, fold and put away the wrapping paper, and several thousand dollars can be saved in the course of a year.

Unpleasant Thought.

A man must be judged by the company he keeps, but it might be ungenerous to judge some of us by the kind of shows we go to see.

ELABORATE DEVICE TO DECEIVE ENEMY AVIATORS



This is probably the most elaborate deceptive device used by any of the belligerent armies. The French have posted a large number of their 220-centimeter mortars in woods and other places, where they are hidden from the enemy's "air eyes." In order to deceive the German aviators, the French have placed very clever fake guns placed about to represent the gun squads. When an aviator appears overhead, soldiers a long way off pull strings to make the figures move. Smoke also comes out of the gun muzzle.

LOSES MEMORY IN BATTLE, WOOS FIANCEE ANEW

Canadian, Mind Made Blank by Shell Concussion, Does Not Know Parents.

IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

Thomas Trusler, Sent Back to Front From Hospital, Fails to Recall His Name and Is Reported Missing—Forgets Sweetheart and Falls in Love With Her "All Over Again."

New York.—Fate has played many strange pranks with the men fighting in Europe, but none perhaps is more curious than that in which Thomas F. Trusler figures. Mr. Trusler, who is stopping at a hotel, was a gunner in the Third brigade, Canadian field artillery.

The concussion from a shell which struck the ground near him last winter caused him to lose all recollection of the past. Consequently, his fiancée in Montreal mourned him for dead, and even after he learned his identity through a scar on his right foot he did not remember her or his parents.

However, as he explained recently, he took his parents' word that they were his father and mother, and, although he does not recall his first proposal, he said he has fallen in love all over again with the woman he was to have married and soon he hopes to make her his bride.

Although Sir Frederick Treves, King George's surgeon, is said to have attempted to restore his memory by means of hypnosis, Mr. Trusler, who is twenty-one years old, recalls nothing of his past prior to the day his mind became blank from the concussion, and when he returned to Canada in the early autumn because of his wound it was necessary for him to relearn the way about his native city of Montreal and to be introduced to lifelong boyhood friends and schoolmates.

Under Fire at Ypres.

The young gunner went with the first Canadian contingent which reached France a year ago. At that time the German general staff was perfecting its scheme to break through to Calais by way of Ypres. Mr. Trusler first came under fire near Vlamertinghe, just west of Ypres. His division was acting as a reserve force.

"I have been told by men who served with me on my gun that we all saw a huge German aeroplane fly over us," Mr. Trusler said. "Soon thereafter there came a rain of high explosive shells from a big German gun. Several of our boys were killed, and the fact that I was not was a miracle. One of the shells fell within ten or twenty feet of me, I was told, but did not explode. The concussion, however, was terrific, and it dazed and stupefied me."

"I remember awakening in a base hospital with the wounded all about me. I felt myself all over and could find nothing smashed, so I sat up in my cot. Then I got out of it and stood up and asked why I was there. A physician told me what had happened to me and sent me back to my brigade, which he located by the insignia on my uniform. When I got back I didn't seem to recollect anything or anybody."

"Some of the men of my gun company saw me and took me back to my quarters. It was necessary for me to make friends with companions again. They called me 'Howie'—a nickname—and soon I became known as 'Howie Trusler.' That fact made it difficult for my parents to locate me, because

given by Dr. John D. Ellis, head of the department of occupational diseases of Rush Medical college.

"The thing is new to science in some aspects," said Doctor Ellis. "Persons who are subject to vertigo may be attacked when in a close, small garage. The danger lies in a failure of certain elements in the gasoline to oxidize. In any event, there is a quick suffocation of a violent gas that renders the victim faint. Thus if the exhaust of an automobile continues, the result is almost instant death."

The street trees of Paris number 56,000, 26,000 being planes, 16,000 chestnuts and 14,000 elms.

when I was asked my name I spelled it 'Trusler,' because I didn't want anybody to know that I couldn't recall where I came from or who I was."

Is Reported Missing.

"Consequently 'T. F. Trusler' went on the rolls of the missing. Consequently also I failed to get mail from my fiancée and my parents. It was not until last summer when I was wounded in the leg so badly that I was sent to England that I made any attempt to find out who I was. I confided my story to an Englishwoman of high rank who was interested in the hospital. She made inquiries among the officers of my brigade who remembered 'Trusler' who came out with the contingent."

"My parents were communicated with and my mother remembered an old scar on my foot. Sure enough the scar was there. Even when I returned to Montreal I didn't recognize my mother and don't yet. I learned I was engaged to be married before I left for the front and on my return home my fiancée was at the station with my mother and father. I didn't recognize any of them, but they took me home."

Here Mr. Trusler admitted that he had fallen in love "all over again" and with the same girl.

Although the gunner cannot remember what happened before January of last year, he has a vivid recollection of what has happened since, and his description of the battle of Ypres in April and of the effect of the poison gases used by the Germans is most vivid.

"About five o'clock of the evening of April 23," he said, "we were getting quite bored, for we were in the reserve force along the Poperinghe road, three miles west of Ypres. The dull monotony was rudely broken by the sudden appearance of swarms of French colonial troops, Singalese and Zouaves, rushing in from the front holding their rifles, rolling on the ground, gasping for breath, eyes bloodshot and staring, many of them bleeding at the mouth, but most of them unable to explain the cause of their peculiar actions."

Asphyxiating Gas Cloud.

"Along with them came scores of refugees, men, women and children, bearing with them all they could take from their burning and wrecked homes. At that time we had never heard of asphyxiating gas and were at a loss to make out what it all meant. The order 'stand to your arms' was quickly passed along to the reserves. The Montreal Highlanders were the first to get on the move. It takes longer to get artillery wagons on of move, and while we were working at feverish haste the Highlanders went by, each man singing and smiling, although they must have known that many of them would never return."

"At seven o'clock the artillery forces were all ready and waiting for the order to move forward. I shall never forget the scene at the moment. From the city of Ypres there arose high in the heavens huge jets of flames, while overhead shells burst by the hundreds, and in our ears was the din of falling walls and all sorts of indescribable noises."

"When the order came to move forward we urged our horses with a cheer and a song. It was necessary for us to make a detour south of Ypres in order to get to the main road leading to our damaged front. It also was necessary to cross the Yser canal, about half a mile south of the town, on a pontoon bridge. The first gun got over safely, when along came a German shell and destroyed it."

"Under a deadly fire, for the Germans had the range, we waited while the engineers worked to construct another bridge. Two long thick poles were placed across the narrow canal and crossways on them timbers and logs were piled. The second gun went across precariously, but the third was upset by a rolling log, the cannon carriage falling on one side of the narrow bridge and the six horses on the other. While the cannon and horses seemed to be seasawing this way and that across the bridge a shell put an end to all the trouble."

"Then a third bridge was constructed

ed, and my gun went across. By this time the glare from the burned town was dying down, and I was wondering just what was ahead of us when an aeroplane high above dropped a star shell. This was followed by a perfect hurricane of shells, and the last gun to attempt the crossing went into the water. Emerging from a wood, we ran into a murderous gunfire from German infantry and machine guns. My gun and others of our battery were hurled into this open fire-swept field, swung around and in less than two minutes opened fire on the Germans."

"Each of our shells contained 300 bullets, and at a range of 250 yards one can readily imagine how the Germans fell. Finally we halted them, but the German infantry remained hidden behind a deep fringe of trees with their own dead piled up against them. Our guns could not do effective work because of the trees. Therefore we were ordered to use high explosive shells."

"I shall never forget how those shells were brought to us. The horses on the ammunition supply wagon became crazed and ran away. They dashed within a few yards of the German lines, and one brave rider—no one ever knew who he was—shot the rolled over them and him. Then there was an explosion, for the wagon, hit by a shell, was blown to bits. The explosion wrought havoc among the Germans and our infantry, quickly following up the advantage, drove the Teutons out of the woods."

"Meantime our line was badly pressed near St. Julien, and after the arrival of fresh British and Canadian troops our battery was ordered there. We went right into the town. But on and on came the German infantry, and the retreat was sounded."

Spying Is Dangerous.

"Spying at the front is the most dangerous of all occupations," Mr. Trusler continued.

"The Germans are very clever at it, and one method of sending news between the lines is by trained dogs. One night one of our sentries saw a dog dart past him. He called to the animal, thinking the dog would make an excellent mascot for the battery. The dog came back and wagged his tail and the sentry took him to his quarters."

"The following morning one of the men remarked on the thickness of the plain leather collar worn by the dog. An examination revealed that the collar was hollow, and in it we found a message in cipher. Instantly an officer was summoned, the dog was put on a long wire leash and driven out of camp. He went direct to a barber shop, where the men were in the habit of lounging and talking when off duty. The barber, whom we thought to be a Belgian, was a German spy and afterward was put to death."

MISS GEORGIA SCHOFIELD

Miss Schofield's recent entrance into the society of the national capital was welcomed enthusiastically, for before her debut she had been one of the most popular of the younger leaders.

The post-mortem showings are those of brain and lung congestion.

Bumphrey went to his garage last night to get his automobile, in which he intended to deliver a number of Christmas gifts to poor families. An hour later his body was found on the floor of the garage, the engine of the automobile was running, and the small room was filled with gas fumes.

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White House Collection of China Is Notable

ONE of the most interesting pieces in the White House collection of presidential china is an old plate recently given by Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Robert E. Lee. This plate is one that was used by George Washington, and aside from being of inestimable value historically, is of greater age than any other piece in the whole collection. It is a dinner plate of the well-known and famous set usually referred to as the Cincinnati china.

Miss Lee came into possession of it through her maternal grandfather, George Washington Parke Custis, whose grandmother, Martha Washington, willed it to him. The presentation of this historic piece was made to Miss Margaret Wilson for the collection. The White House collection of presidential ware is one of the most interesting historical collections in the country, and an interesting story is attached to the acquisition of every piece of it.

The collection was begun with parts of sets of dinner services found in the White House used by seven presidents. It was placed in two cabinets in the lower east corridor of the mansion, which were designed by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

Eight shelves were filled with china used during the Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt administrations. This original collection has been augmented by gifts from descendants or friends of the various presidents until it now fills four cabinets and approaches completion.

One shelf is filled with pieces from the state dinner set which Mrs. Roosevelt ordered, and which is still used as the state set. It is of beautiful Wedgwood, decorated with a simple colonial pattern in gold and the obverse of the great seal of the United States enameled in colors on each plate. This set contains more than twelve hundred pieces, and from these were selected a dinner platter, dinner, breakfast, tea and soup plates, with a tea and coffee cup and their saucers, for the collection.

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



No Law Forbids Spies to Sketch Our Defenses

WASHINGTON.—The United States has no law which prohibits spies of foreign countries from making sketches, photographs and plans of the appearance of fortifications and the topography of the land surrounding them, in time of peace, it was pointed out by the department of justice the other day. In time of war martial law prevails as to the treatment of foreigners or agents of foreign governments engaging in such occupations.

Any person in the government service giving out information regarding the interior of fortifications may be punished by law and any private citizen who makes drawings or pictures of the interior of fortifications may be apprehended, but so far as the outward aspects of forts are concerned, spies of any country are welcome to all the information they can get under present laws.

This state of affairs is regarded by some persons as especially dangerous with relation to aviation fields. A foreign spy could make complete plans of aviation fields of the United States government, showing where hangars and other buildings are situated without violating any existing law. It has been suggested that congress this winter make some provision for more adequately protecting American military secrets from foreigners, and this idea may be incorporated in national defense legislation.

Annual Animal Social Register of Washington

THE annual animal social register of the United States government has appeared. Only about fifty names were added to these bipedal and quadrupedal elite. The list forms a group as exclusive as that contained in any blue book of the genus homo, and not even the state department's diplomatic list is ennobled by the chief justice of the United States Supreme court, not to mention a vice president, members of the senate, and private citizens of national note.

When that grave scientific body, the Smithsonian regents, with Chief Justice White as their chancellor, assembled in Washington they received the annual report of the National Zoological park. That report contains three pages of itemized animals at the park (called by proletarian humans the "Zoo"), and each animal therein is mentioned by name, and the state of health of many of them is reported upon.

The document contains much chatty comment, not to mention a birth register, of our most elite zoological families. Other mere "zoos" may get into reports, but they are not printed at the government printing office, and stamped with any such high approval as that of the Smithsonian regents.

Social affairs at the Washington zoo during the last year became vastly more cosmopolitan, it appears, though no less exclusive, because of the advent of Mrs. Diamond Rattlesnake, whose jewels dazzled the horseshoe at the Snake Cage opera. Mr. Great Horned Owl added much zest to the night life, and Miss Whistling Swan and the Misses Mocking Bird were in great demand at the afternoon musicales (given when animals are fed at 3:30).

At every first night, especially when Miss Silver Pheasant sang, was old Mr. Bald Eagle, and he caused much gossip among the older set by his attentions to the petite Miss Grass Parakeet. Likewise there was much whispering behind fins and wings when Mr. Black Snake, a villainous-looking gentleman, arrived in company with Miss Barred Owl, a beauty of the sleepy oriental type.

Mr. Gila Monster has become quite the cock of the walk, and struts 't off every sunny afternoon with Mr. Messenger. At first the three Misses Spermophile were not invited to the more exclusive red-meat affairs because their family was new to most of the older social crowd in the small animal cage.

Several deaths marred the midwinter season, the report intimates. The Misses Waterfowl, vivacious debutantes of the early autumn, suffered the ravages of aspergilliosis. The elderly Messrs. Pronghorn Antelope, who were seen much together, both died of necrotic stomatitis.

Washington Man Owns Famous Maximilian Opal

EVER since the late Gen. Marc Antony, triumvir of Rome coveted an opal owned by a senator of that empire, who treasured the stone so highly that he left Rome rather than give it to Antony to carry around to Cleopatra. Opals have been more or less in the limelight of dynasties, emperors and nations.

Today there walks about the streets of Washington a man who can reach into his left-hand vest pocket, if he will, and show you the dazzling, opalescent gem, famous in Mexican history as the "Maximilian opal." The man is Herbert J. Browne, whose hobbies include sailing boats, the single tax, and collecting opals.

This particular opal came Mr. Carranza's agents in time to turn the tide in favor of the constitutionalist cause.

The Maximilian opal, as famous among those versed in historic gems as is the Hope diamond, was owned by Emperor Maximilian, was given to General Miramon, his chief of staff, and was found on the body of the latter after the two were executed at Queretaro, an incident that marked the final chapter in the romantic history of the empire of Mexico.

In the early summer of 1914 New York papers carried a little item to the effect that "some of the ammunition which is being supplied General Carranza is being taken out of Galveston on vessels chartered by someone who has assumed the name of Herbert J. Browne, a well-known Washington newspaper man."

Herbert J. Browne's abilities as a skipper, it would seem, were not even known to his friends in the newspaper business. But it was he who, in his own name, took out papers as captain of the vessels, gave Havana as his destination, and when he reached open water turned their bows toward Mexico. In all the Sunshine and the Wright, his two sailing vessels, carried an abundance of rifles, and about fifteen million rounds of ammunition into Tampico.

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